

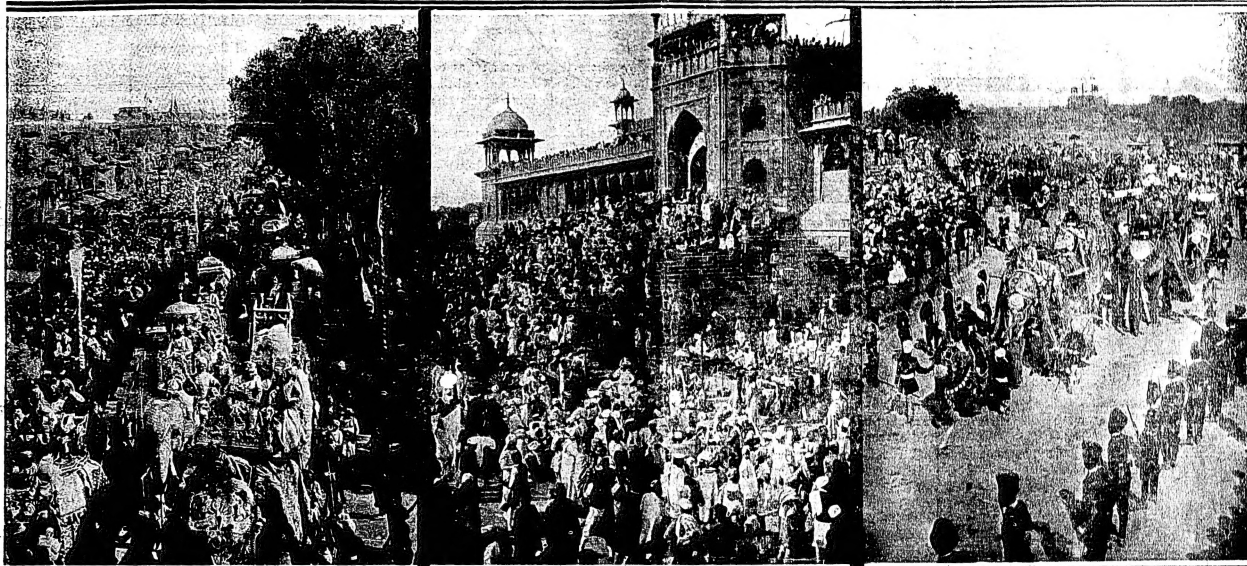
The Saturday News

SEVENTH YEAR, No. 5

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 13TH, 1912.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Scenes at the Delhi Durbar



JASPER'S NOTE BOOK.

HERE is a very pleasant theory about Alberta winters that if one of them is severe, that which follows is bound to be mild. It has been borne out by actual experience within the past ten years or so.

But we have all heard that wise saying about the exception proving the rule. Just what it means is far from clear. We are painfully aware at the present time, however, that the exception exists. It must be admitted that it is cold and that we do feel it.

Still, forty-five below does not involve the discomfort of such a day as Sunday last when with the thermometer but a trifle under zero, we had the exceptional experience of a genuine blizzard, the absence of which serves to distinguish our winter climate to so marked a degree from that of the provinces to the east. It was the first in half a dozen years, and should serve to make us realize how fortunate we usually are.

HIS is, of course, a highly original topic, but what else is there that counts when the mercury cavorts either around the high or the low spots? We are more interested in seeing the country go ahead than in anything else outside our own personal affairs and what influences this progress more materially than the facts about the weather? From the time that minister of the French King described Canada as so many million arpenes of snow, it has had to be on the defensive.

It took a long while for the east to establish itself as a country that was fit for white men to live in. The West is still engaged in answering its detractors. To hear some of them talk one would think that the greater part of the year was made up of conditions such as we have had this week. When we come to put on one side the days on which we have reason to complain of what the weather man sends us, and on the other those on which the average person must feel that it is good just to be alive, the balance is such as to give the Albertans something to boast about.

At any rate it is a climate that produces men and women that are worth while and most people would sooner take a chance with an occasional frost-bite, though this can be avoided with very ordinary care, than with a tropical fever.

THE strange case of the two Lloydminsters is again to the fore. The boundary line between Alberta and Saskatchewan is the main street of the community. It has accordingly two municipal organizations and has representation in the legislatures of both provinces. There are some advantages. Favors are to be obtained from

two governments for instance. But the drawbacks are very obvious. Much confusion results and it is felt that if the town is to develop, there must be a union of resources.

But which province it is to be there has been some difficulty in deciding. At last, after noting that on one side of the main street blizzards were in the habit of blowing, which faded away just as soon as the boundary line was reached, as well as various other remarkable phenomena, the townspeople have come to the conclusion that there is nothing for them to do but throw in their lot with Alberta the Sunny.

Besides they are more closely in touch with Edmonton than with Regina and it is more natural for them to look to the Alberta capital as their governmental centre.

REV. J. A. Clark, of Knox Presbyterian Church in Calgary, preached a sermon last Sunday night in which he put into words much that has been in the thought of others. The subject is one that is forced on a person's attention wherever he goes.

"We find ourselves in a very extraordinary situation here in this country and in this city," he declared. "There can be no question that we are at the beginning of the development of what must be a very prosperous and very rich country. This prospect is attracting a large and increasing capital. But we are a good deal like a poor family that finds itself suddenly and unexpectedly fallen heir to a large fortune. We are behaving somewhat foolishly. It cannot be anything else than foolish that we should imagine that we can continue to live on the mere buying and selling of land and the forcing up of values unduly."

"Suppose we all went the same road. Suppose the doctors left their work, the merchants their shops, the editors their offices, and the ministers their pulpits, and we all began to sell real estate to one another? Suppose we all said that the only thing worth while was to make as much money as possible as quickly as possible? And yet merchants and business men and professional men complain continually that they find it terribly difficult to secure and retain good men in their stores and offices. Isn't it clear that something is very much wrong? If the wealth of the country is to be secured by the sale of real estate rather than by those occupations and activities that get the wealth out of the soil and out of those things that minister to men's wholesome life, you can go on to imagine what a strange pass we will come to before long. One wants to be perfectly fair. We are all the victims of what is economically an unsound system of land tenure. Many of the men who are making large wealth out of it are beginning to see that there is

something radically vicious in the whole situation, and that it is increasingly impossible to build up a wholesome and moral community life on such a condition of things."

THE truth of this, speaking generally, most people will recognize. But so long as private ownership of property exists, the abolition of which is hardly in the realm of serious discussion, men and women will continue to take chances on adding to their wealth by an increase in land values. If such speculation goes beyond reasonable limits, those who have been carried away by it will be the ones to suffer. There is nothing to do but let the situation right itself.

As to the deteriorating effects on an individual's character due to suddenly acquired wealth, Mr. Clark was much too general in his statement. There are many people who cannot stand prosperity, but others who put it to the best of uses.

One would prefer to see large fortunes created by the establishment of industries and by the realizing of the natural resources of the country in other ways rather than by real estate speculation. But the latter is often the means of bringing money into the country that could be secured in no other way. Investment that means real development is likely to follow.

THERE is a general feeling that Greater Edmonton is to see much better civic administration than the old municipality did. The disturbances of the past year have served to clear the air and most people recognize better what is needed. The new commissioners who took office the first of the month inspire confidence, and if only a council can be obtained that will work in with them in the proper spirit, we shall undoubtedly see a great change.

In a recent number of The Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science, Mr. D. F. Carpenter has an interesting article on municipal government. His observations have led him to believe that the idea must be abandoned that because a man is a successful lawyer, or merchant, he will therefore make a successful municipal administrator. No banker, Mr. Carpenter remarks, would imagine that because he had succeeded in managing a bank he was fitted to conduct a railway. And yet, he proceeds, "when we elect a grocer to manage a city government—of which he probably knows absolutely nothing—we wonder what is wrong with our charter. Municipal administration is a science, requiring experience, and knowledge, and managerial ability, far above that required for an ordinary business. It is perfectly true that not one man in a thousand leaves the mayoralty with as high a reputation as he had in his own business.

But we blithely run after some new god, only to find that he, too, proves to have clay feet."

In Mr. Carpenter's opinion the next step in municipal administration perhaps the true solution is to develop trained municipal administrators, as is now done in Germany. If that were done a body of experts would arise in course of time who would know the science of municipal management. Until the prevailing superstition is got rid of that any amateur is constitutionally fitted to conduct the most intricate of all businesses—the city business—and that he is particularly capable if he has not been specially successful in his private business, it will be vain to search for the panacea, even with a lighted lantern, in this system of government or in that. "Improve the machinery to your heart's content," says Mr. Carpenter, "but do not forget that it is the man with his hand on the lever who sets your machinery going and keeps it running. Do not expect your delicate machinery to work smoothly, when the engineer never laid eyes on it before the unlucky day that you, by your vote, pitched him from the obscurity of private life into the cab, and told him that you would recall him even before he reached the end of his short run if he did not show instantly all the knowledge and qualifications that it would take years of training in public office for him to acquire."

Mr. Carpenter refers with approval to the plan, already in operation in Edmonton, of electing a city council to hold the purse strings and be the legislative body, but without executive duties. The council should "elect a manager who has the same control over the administrative side of the government that a manager of a railway has over that side of the railway." The fact that some forms of commission government contemplate direct administration by untrained men is a source of weakness which is certain to be reflected in the city government. Referring to the Colorado Springs system Mr. Carpenter remarks that "the all pervading defect in the charter is its entire failure to recognize the fact that the ordinary citizen, called from his vocation on a minute's notice, is as absolutely incapable of administering the affairs of the city as he would be of acting as a railway lawyer without legal training. When this all-important truth at last permeates our minds, then, and only then, can we reasonably expect city government to be as efficient and economical as the electric company which furnishes light and power to the citizens."

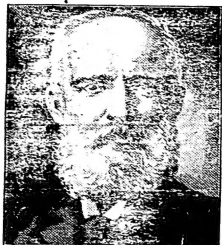
These are the ideas that prompted the framing of the Edmonton charter. We cannot get a better system of civic government. But we have not yet given it anything like a fair trial. If this is now done, the city's reputation as a leader in municipal reform will be very largely enhanced.

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At a recent concert meeting in Buffalo, according to the Courier of that city, among the terms made use of were "vile depictions of shameless persecution," "damnable attack," "dastardly and injurious libel," "villainous and outrageous," "madness and malice." One would almost suspect that a gentleman named Bouillon had moved to Buffalo.

Mr. Carnegie continues to drop bits of wisdom for the benefit of the world. Some one recently suggested to him that the ordinary toiler hadn't much of a chance of getting an interest in the business he was working for. Mr. Carnegie smiled. "Some day," he said, "when the employer is ill, perhaps, he may send to the office for some papers. Then the poor employe will be sent with them and have a chance to meet Madam Employer and madam's daughter. There's his chance." Mr. Carnegie winked. "No poor man should be prejudiced against a girl because she is rich," he said. "Poor men can make millionaires' daughters just as happy, perhaps happier, than millionaires' sons can."

To the ash-heap with all that nonsense that used to be served up to us in our youth about what thrift and industry will do. Cultivate the graces, get a good line of credit at a tailor, and apply for the job of office boy in the establishment which has a millionaire, with an impressionable daughter, as its boss. As a get-rich-quick proposition there's nothing like it.

Mrs. Pankhurst told the suffragettes in the East that Mr. Borden should not henceforth be allowed to lead a comfortable life. This should mean something interesting. When the first mob attacks the gentle premier as he makes his way to Parliament Hill, it will be worth a good deal to be with Sir Wilfrid when the news arrives. The shades of the opposition will look good to him and September 21st a day to be remembered with joy.

Teacher: Waldo, name one of the best-known characters of fiction.

Waldo (aged 5, superciliously): Santa Claus!

Wife (complainingly): You're not like Mr. Knagg. z They've been married twenty years and Mrs. Knagg says her husband is so tender.

Hub: Tender! Well, he ought to be, after being in hot water that long.

"That's a smart thing I've done," said the doctor to his assistant.

"What's that, doctor?"

"I have put my signature in the column 'cause of death' in this death certificate."

Mrs. Wellington: "Your husband always dresses so quietly."

Mrs. Wardlaw: "You wouldn't think so if you heard him when he loses a collar button."

A writer in the Inland Printer gives a list of type "bulls"—laughable errors that have been overlooked by proofreaders on daily papers. The list includes the following:

"A competent nurse (corpulent purse) was produced, out of which the fine was paid."

"Children's court—Another room in the new building will be devoted to a mother's pest (rest)."

"The government planted 200,000 tomatoes (cords) in Jamaica Bay."

"The Masons held a big social affair at Kismet Mosque (Mosque)."

"Sullivan died Friday at his home and was married (buried) at Calvary Cemetery yesterday afternoon."

"A poem by St. Abdomen (Swinburne)."

"Flats to let with widows (windows) in every room."

"Blind embroidery on linen, showing insects (insets) of baby Irish."

The Brother: "She's got lovable eyes, kissable lips, a hugeable shape and holdable hands."

His Sister: Yes, and she's got removable hair, adjustable lips, colorable brows and a transferable complexion."

Some incidents of Dickens' visit to this country, described in a letter included in the correspondence

of the Motley family, present good reasons why no celebrity, even if he were endowed by nature with superabundant health and strength, could ever hope to be on hand at his own centenary. The letter was written in 1842.

Dickens goes today. I had only a glimpse of him in the street when he came to breakfast with Doctor Channing the other morning. I went to Miss Peabody's, where he promised to go; instead of which, however, he went to bed and sent an apology, and disappointed the Paiges, too, who had prepared a magnificent dinner for him. Half an hour after the dinner-hour he sent an apology.

Somebody told me that the other evening, when he was obliged to stay at home from perfect exhaustion of body and mind, a man inquired for him at the Tremont house, and in spite of Dickens' repeated refusals to see him, contrived to make his way into the parlor, where the poor man was extended on the sofa. He remained an hour, and then requested Mr. Dickens to allow him to bring up his wife, who was waiting below. Dickens said he really must excuse him, as he was too ill to remain up any longer. In spite of this, the man brought his wife up and passed another hour with Mr. Dickens—did you ever hear anything so disgusting?

The women—of the common people, for that you could excuse—float round him in the streets, wait for him at corners, and Alexander's room is crowded every day with girls and women, who call themselves ladies to see him when he comes out of the studio. The other day he was obliged to force himself through the crowd, and one woman stepped before him and said: "Mr. Dickens, will you be kind enough to walk entirely round the room, so that we can all have a look at you?"

This is one of the things which make me feel as if I should go with mortification.

Chapman's invitation to him was the funniest: "Mr. Dickens, will you dine with me?"

"I am very sorry, I am engaged."

"Will you dine with me?"

"I am engaged."

"Will you lunch with me?"

"I am engaged."

"Will you breakfast with me?"

"I am engaged."

"Well, will you sleep with me?"

"Thank you, with the greatest pleasure; nothing could gratify me more than an invitation to sleep."

Those of us who have seen other celebrities being given a "good time" will be glad to know that "lion-hunting" is not a recent development.

I gaze upon it long with feelings tender,

That witness mute of her who left it there.

I wonder whether she was plump or slender,

And had she auburn, brown, or golden hair?

Romance awakes, and countless dreams come thronging

Until the dusk is filled with thoughts of her;

And all my soul o'erflows with deepest longing

To solve the doubts that set my heart astray.

Lo! Even yet the atmosphere is laden

With perfume faint that thrills me like old wine.

I would I knew, ah met the dainty maiden

Who came and went and left that single sign.

'Tis plain some smaller hand than mine has fingered

The very spot whereon my hand I lay.

Perhaps my one true soul-mate here has lingered

To dream of one without whom life were gray!

Yet, after all, it maybe I have wasted

A genuine, intense, poetic thrill;

Perhaps some "fright" has left it here, well tasted—

That wad of gum stuck on the window sill!

—Walter G. Doty, in Puck.

Mrs. Finefeather: "Are you taking your husband abroad this year?"

Mrs. Bonton: "No, I decided last year when he insisted upon speaking of the Venetian gondolas as canal boats that the real charm of Europe is lost upon him."

A man went to an insurance office to have his life insured the other day. "Do you cycle?" the insurance agent asked. "No," said the man. "Do you motor?" "No." "Do you, then, peripass, fly?" "No, no," said the applicant, laughing. "I have no dangerous—" But the agent interrupted him, curtly. "Sorry, sir," he said, "but we no longer insure pedestrians."

A Philadelphia golfer was talking at the Cape May Golf Club about a poor player. "At Bala," he said, "it took him something like eighteen strokes to do one easy hole. On toward the end of the round he turned to his caddy and said: 'Let me see; does this make 195 or 196?' 'Look here, sir,' was the reply, 'what you need ain't so much a caddy as an add'n' machine.'"

The Canadian Northern line between Stettler and Drumheller, seventy miles, is now open and will have a bi-weekly service south on Tuesday and Thursdays and north on Wednesdays and Fridays. The towns on the line are Warden, Fenn, Big Valley, Scollard, Rumsey, Rowley, Morrin, Munson and Drumheller.

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Despite all that has been said about the brutality of pugilism, not a single death took place during 1911 as result of injuries received in the ring. It is about time the public came to realize that there is much that is admirable about the sport as compared with others that so-called self-respecting people patronize.

There is nothing so dangerous about it and nothing so debasing as about automobile racing for instance. A dozen noted racers were killed during the year. As for aviation contests, where in 1908 but one aviator met his death, there were 77 in 1911. It is not as if this was necessary for the progress of the art. Practically all these deaths were due, not to any scientific experiments, but simply to daredevil feats to amuse the crowd. And if it is not science, it certainly is not sport.

Bayley's victory in three rounds over Lauder last week, by which he after lost the lightweight championship of Western Canada, came as a surprise. Lauder has been a prominent figure in the sport in this part of the country for a long while back and his time had to come. There is no doubt that the best man won.

Cricketers enthusiasts have been watching the results of the test matches in Australia with keen interest. Australia won the first by 146 runs and England the second by eight wickets. A brilliant century by that wonderful cricketer, Victor Trumper, was the feature of the first. He showed against the South Africans last year that he could come back and he apparently intends to stay back. Hobbs so far has made the best test match showing for England, scoring 63 in the first and 126 in the second.

An unusual incident which occurred in the first innings of the English cricketers match at Brisbane is reported by cable. J. W. Hearne made his score at 34 when a new bowler named Minnett was put on. On Minnett sending down his first delivery a spectator cried out "no-ball." This deceived Hearne, who lashed out carelessly at the ball and was taken by Crawford running from the slips. Victor Trumper, the Australian captain, realizing that the batsman had been misled, accompanied the English captain to the pavilion and Hearne was brought back to continue his innings, which ended a little later for 45.

A Sydney cable a few days prior to the first test match said that the New South Wales Cricket Association had decided to take steps to prevent offensive or annoying barracking during their first test match. Captain Warner of M. C. C. expressed his warm approval of this decision. The "barracker" in Australia is the offensive spectator of cricket and football. Like the violent "rooter" in baseball, he wants to make the umpire's decisions as well as to look on. And when he can't do this he is very boisterous. Also he wants to order the play and the players to suit his ideas. The barrackers quickly closed Ranjitsingh's career in Australia, as "Jack at Play" in the Toronto Globe points out. He was the leading batsman in England and a Prince in his own country, but the Australian crowd made it plain that theirs was "a white man's country." They resented the prominence of a "nigger," even in cricket, and Ranji became an impossibility on subsequent English tests, even if he had wanted to again visit a country that does not welcome any man of color, whether Prince or pugilist. Jack Johnson had to take the small end of everything there, and when he won the championship he got the cold shoulder.

"Jack" has this to say about a question that has been agitating hockey circles in Alberta:

"The same old humbug, worn and transparent, that used to figure as argument against the adoption of a residence rule in hockey, lacrosse and other team games in this part of the country, is now in lively action in the western provinces. The experience of organized sport is that the associations which enforce a residence rule are stable and successful. The few without it have but a precarious and none too useful existence. The plea that 'conditions in our new country are different from eastern Canada' is only the voice of the tempter. The condition of the west is simply that it is ready to begin the right way, and profit by the experience and mistakes of the east."

The time when Edmonton stroves to lift the



Stanley Cup with teams recruited all through the country seems an age ago. We all know how that young man of great renown, Tommy Phillips, proved an absolute frost on that occasion. There was no doubt that he was travelling on his reputation even then. It is accordingly pretty hard to believe the news from the Coast that he is showing great form in the Artificial League that the Patrick brothers are guiding through its first winter there.

Our reminiscent vein is also stimulated by the news that Joe Hall, the famous bad man, who also figured on Edmonton's team till the management decided that there wasn't room for him and for anybody else in the organization, has received a hurry call to old Quebec, where he is counted on to keep the team of that city in the running.

If professional hockey does not receive better treatment from the public out at the Coast than professional soccer football has, the outlook for the new league is not very bright. Good games were played but the crowds were miserable. Outside of the Old Land, professional football has never been made to go, a fact that no lover of real sport will waste any tears over.

Newcastle United, one of the most famous of the English professional soccer teams, may make a tour of Canada next summer, according to The Montreal Herald.

Negotiations have been commenced for getting the Newcastle United team to play here next summer, and to show the Canadian public, who have already seen the best of the amateur game as played by the Corinthians, how the best of the professionals play the game. For there is a vast deal of difference in the style of the two.

The Newcastle United Club will have to obtain the permission of the Football Association Limited to make the tour, and this permission, it is stated, is almost sure to be forthcoming.

Speaking of the tour of the Calgary Hillhurst team in England, the Montreal Herald's informant remarked that the collapse of the tour was owing entirely to the fact that sufficient men were not taken along. Things were going quite satisfactorily financially and otherwise till so many players became crippled that it was impossible to muster up a full team.

With no professional soccer teams in Canada outside of British Columbia, how could such a tour be made?

The Calgary Herald has a long argument against curtailing the salary limit in connection with the Western Canada baseball league. It admits that most of the clubs have lost money, but states that the public will not stand for a lowering of the quality of ball. This is nonsense. The public can have just the quality that it is willing to pay for. Baseball is an impossibility if each year a few men are expected to meet deficits.

In the "Winter Sports Review" Bertram Smith says that golf and curling stand as a lasting monument to the inventive faculty of the Scot. But while Scotland is still the undisputed headquarters of golf, Scotland has been surpassed in curling by other lands, notably Canada.

There is, I think, something rather tragic in this course of events. For Scotland is still by far the greatest curling country in the world, if one is to judge by the number of curlers in proportion to the population, and the fact that it is being left behind in the race is due to no lack of enthusiasm and native skill. It is to be ascribed solely to the behaviour of an incorrigible climate, which has only admitted of some thirty or forty days' curling on deep water in the course of the last ten years. By dint of "Tarmac" rinks—which can turn the lightest of frosts to account—by taking full advantage of the artificial ice-rink in Glasgow, and by frequent visits to Switzerland, Scotchmen are still able to hold their own against all comers—except the victorious Canadians—but in the heart of the true Scot artificial rinks and Tarmac ponds are, at best, but a makeshift and a substitute. The real Scotch curling, which claims adherents in almost every village, is the game as played on the "floating" ice of an open loch. It is seen at its best only in a lasting frost, when parish spiels, province matches and the great bonspiels, sometimes numbering their players by the thousand, are brought to an issue.

Mr. Smith objects to the luxuries, not to say finicking developments of curling in Switzerland.

Oh, the bare old trees in their sweeping grays,
And the gleam of the sapphire sea,
And the sun and the tang of these brilliant days
Are bread and wine to me!

Oh, the firm white road beneath my tread
And the stubble, pinkish-brown,
And the hills in their wonderful purple-red,
And the clear-cut distant town—

And the stately glow in the orange west
Still and lingering—
Have brought to weary hearts more rest
Than all the balms of spring.

By Ethel Hobart, in the December (Christmas) Scribner.

SHE STRUCK AT ROOT OF TROUBLE

Mrs. Comeau Cured Her Kidneys With Dodd's Kidney Pills.

And her Heart Trouble, Backache and other ailments disappeared—
—Says she owes her good health to Dodd's Kidney Pills.
Périt Rocher, Gloucester Co., N.B., Jan. 8. (Special).—When Mrs. Pierre L. Comeau, a well known and highly respected resident of this place cured her kidney disease, her heart trouble and other aches and pains also disappeared. She cured her kidney disease easily and quickly by using Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"My heart troubled me all the time," Mrs. Comeau states, "and I feared for the terrible results that might follow. My limbs would swell, my back ached and I was always tired and nervous. These symptoms led me to believe that kidney disease was the root of all my troubles so I turned to Dodd's Kidney Pills. Before I had finished the first box the swelling was gone, my back was well and my heart no longer troubled me. I am now in the best of health, and I owe it all to Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Always strike at the root of the trouble. And in nine cases out of ten all women's troubles start with the kidneys. That's why Dodd's Kidney Pills are woman's best friend.

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A FEW REMARKS

to those who appreciate the quality of the MASON & RISCH piano and the distinction this world famous instrument lends to the home but have hesitated to spend the sum the MASON & RISCH commands because of inability to pay the price.

AN OPPORTUNITY

An extraordinary character of circumstances has arisen which has been explained in former issues of this paper.

LEARN THE FACTS BEFORE

Did you ever, in the history of Western Canada remember of being able to obtain a MASON & RISCH PIANO, regarded from coast to coast as the highest grade piano on the market at such ridiculously low price as \$337.00. The people of Edmonton will consider this absurd until they learn the reason why. THE WEATHER IS VERY COLD, but if you realized the great bargain you would obtain in the MASON & RISCH store WHICH LASTS ONLY A FEW DAYS MORE, you would sacrifice any comfort that you might have at home for an hour or two in order to make your choice from several new and used pianos which still remain in our stock.

ENQUIRE FROM YOUR NEIGHBOUR

There have been so many people who have taken advantage of this great opportunity that probably your neighbor, who has purchased a piano from us within the last few days, can advise you of the great sacrifice that we have been forced to make owing to the condition of affairs which has existed within the last month, which has been explained, as stated before, in former issues of this paper. We will give you a kind invitation to call and inspect our stock. If you do you will be sure to buy as you will realize that never before such bargains have ever existed in Edmonton. \$10.00 down and a few dollars per month will get a piano in your home.

MASON & RISCH Ltd.

PHONE 2436

55 JASPER AVENUE WEST

PHONE 2436

THE INVESTOR

The Canadian Pacific Railway has taken over the Alberta Railway and Irrigation Company, for 999 years, giving in exchange a guarantee on \$3,250,000 of the Alberta debenture stock, and an annual dividend of 6 per cent on outstanding shares of the Alberta Company at 150 and accrued dividend.

The Canadian Pacific Railway receives the long lease and the coal mines, lands and other assets of the Alberta Company.

The amount of Jan Kubelik's investments in Western Canada real estate during his recent tour is growing as the item is reprinted in different publications. The original item reported the fact that Kubelik had invested \$65,000 in Winnipeg property, but a recent number of The New York Dramatic Mirror contains an item to the effect that "Jan Kubelik has invested over \$500,000 in real estate in the British provinces of Winnipeg, Regina, Saskatoon and Edmonton. While he was in the city of Saskatoon recently his renowned Emperor Stradivarius did not arrive in time for his concert, so he played on a violin furnished by a piano dealer. His own instrument came on a special train later. The price attached to the borrowed violin has since soared. It is the first time Kubelik has ever been without his own fiddle in a concert."

The musical journals of the East are also pressing along an interesting item about Madame Nordica's investments in Western Canada. It appears that during her visit to Saskatoon the great soprano made a payment of \$2,000 on a piece of property, and three weeks later received a wire from a local departmental store offering an advance of \$10,000 on the purchase price, which she accepted.

Notice is given that application will be made at parliament at the present session for a bill incorporating "The Bank of Saskatchewan." Caldwell and Dunn of Moose Jaw are the solicitors for the applicants.

A special correspondent of the Vancouver Province, who made a trip through the Peace River

country during the autumn writes:

"Nor have private interests been idle. Around Peace river canyon a large party has been engaged surveying coal lands staked some time ago, and north and south of the block four parties of surveyors have been busy mapping out lands staked for purchase under the laws of British Columbia. The railroads too have not been quiescent, and while no actual parties were encountered, engineers were through the country spying out feasible routes.

"On Mount Selwyn which wit his 7,500 feet of rocky majesty look down on Parsnip, Findlay and Peace, a number of gold claims have been held for some considerable time. Last year the actual holder of 11 claims made a personal inspection. He has brought out samples of assay. It is of course a quartz proposition.

"Twenty sections of coal lands have also been staked during the past summer on the south side of the Ottertail and Eight Mile creeks. This coal is similar to and adjoins that being surveyed at the canyon, and samples brought to Edmonton were stated to be a semi-anthracite, to contain 80 per cent. carbon, and to be very fine steam coal."

Wm. Henry Herbert, of Buckinghamshire, England, a wealthy investor, died last week in Calgary, after a brief illness. The body is being sent to the old country.

Last week in Strathcona there was announced the sale of the Dr. Archibald property opposite the new post office at the corner of Whyte avenue and First street West. The price paid was \$33,000 cash down, and marks a new record in Whyte avenue realty. H. Milton Martin was the buyer on behalf of an eastern client.

A large candy factory, the promoter of which is Mr. Heilbrun of Boston and New York, and a gas traction engine manufacturing establishment are two industries the Calgary industrial commissioner claims to have obtained for that city.

Home and Society

Yes, the gaiety still keeps up!

Despite weather that is nothing short of wicked, despite meetings without end, and the humorous complaints of husbands that they are being sadly neglected of late, and that darning baskets are full of over-flowing—the women still go and if they are truthful, would acknowledge, they rather like the mad pace of it.

I have maintained that it is useless to announce a reception day when so much is going on, and the thermometer registering thirty-five and forty below. Let go—and everyone is there. Either we are good sports, or very reckless. Next week promises no cessation in parties.

This Lent should find the fair sex in a chastened frame of mind.

Mrs. Bulyea will receive, as usual, next Thursday afternoon at Government House.

Mrs. C. C. Fairchild and her husband, who is a well-known Dominion Land surveyor, have recently moved to Edmonton from Brantford, Ont., where as Miss Gerlie Jenkins, Mrs. Fairchild, and her sisters, were among the belles of a city always noted for its pretty girls.

Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild have taken the Wadell's residence on 23rd street during their absence from town, where Mrs. Fairchild, assisted by Mrs. Frank Smith, will receive on Tuesday next.

Mrs. W. H. Hargrave, 793 14th street, will receive on Friday next (January 19) for the last time this season.

Mr. and Mrs. John Galloway, the former of whom is the new inspector of the Merchants Bank in Alberta, and formerly of Brandon, Man., have recently taken up their residence in the Capital. Mrs. Galloway will receive, assisted by Mrs. Alan Fraser, next Wednesday for the first time at 1327 Athabasca avenue, and after that on the 1st Wednesday of each month.

Mr. and Mrs. Scoble entertained at a smart dinner of nine covers on Friday before the dance, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Lines, Mr. and Mrs. Nightingale, Mrs. Balmer Watt, Mr. Spetia and Mr. Townsend being the invited guests. The table was beautifully lit with many soft candle-lights, and the hostess looked charming in a gown of shimmering white satin, almost completely veiled in a tunic of black net threaded with gold and silver, with touches of burnt orange velvet. All the party later went on to the dance.

Mrs. Richard Ghiselin will not receive on the 3rd Friday of this month, as she leaves for a visit to Winnipeg next Wednesday.

The engagement is announced of Miss Janet Strang, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Strang, of Winnipeg, to Mr. Angus Purkis Cameron, of Winnipeg, and son of Mr. Donald McPherson Cameron, of Hamilton, Ont.

Mrs. James Ramsey received on Wednesday, January 10th, at her residence 837 Twenty-third street, for the first time, and will be at home in future on the second Wednesday of the month.

Mr. W. H. Cushing and Mrs. Cushing of Calgary, are at the Hotel Vancouver on their way home from a visit to relatives in Victoria. Mr. Cushing contemplates establishing his permanent home in British Columbia when he eventually shall have disposed of his large business interests in Alberta and Saskatchewan.—Vancouver Province.

At St. Peter's Church, Cobourg, the marriage took place on January 1, of Miss Therese Fraser Holland, daughter of the late Mr. H. F. Holland and of Mrs. Holland, Cobourg, to Mr. John Kenneth Macdonald of Edmonton. Rev. Canon Spragge officiated. The bride entered the church with her brother, Mr. Harry Holland of Samia, who gave her away. She wore a gown of ivory satin en train, inset with Irish lace, and carried white roses. Her veil was a family heirloom, worn by her mother upon the occasion of her marriage. The bridesmaid, Miss Nora MacNachtan, daughter of Lieut.-Col. Neil F. MacNachtan, Cobourg, wore a robe of white net and lace over pale blue satin, mob cap, and carried pink roses. The best man was Mr. H. C. Anderson, Edmonton. The ushers were Mr. Douglas Osler, Mr. Lee Atkinson, Mr. Norman Williams, Toronto; Mr. Fred. MacNachtan, Cobourg. A reception was held at the residence of the bride's mother, after which Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald left for a trip to New York and Atlantic City. They will take up residence in Edmonton. The groom's gift to the bridesmaid was a gold bracelet, to the groomsmen a watch fob, and to the ushers tobacco pouches with monograms.

The Toronto Globe's Cobourg correspondent writes: Miss Marion Armour, daughter of E. Douglas Armour, K.C., Toronto, was the guest of Mrs. William Kerr, "The Maples," over the weekend. Mrs. D. W. Macdonald of Edmonton, and two children are visiting with her mother, Mrs. William Kerr. On Saturday afternoon the Misses Kerr gave a very pretty tea for the bride-elect, Miss Theresa Holland, daughter of Mrs. H. F. Holland, whose marriage was among this week's social events. Mrs. Ketchum, of Toronto, wife of the late Judge Ketchum, and her son, Mr. Davidson Ketchum, Mr. Harry Helliwell and Mr. Hugh Anderson of Edmonton, Mr. Norman Williams of Toronto, and Mr. Lee Atkinson were among the holiday visitors.

Friday last was a red-letter day of a red-letter week.

At noon Mrs. Alan Fraser gave a most enjoyable luncheon, at which Mrs. Benson of Nelson, B.C. and Miss Gouin were the guests of honor. The table was beautifully done in white narcissus and ropes of smilax, and covers were laid for twelve.

The same popular visitors to town were also the centre of attraction at Mrs. Barford's tea the same afternoon when Mrs. Scoble did the honors of the tea-table, which was sweet and fragrant with many white hyacinths, intermingled with smilax.

Mrs. R. A. J. Little will receive on Monday afternoon, January 15, at her home, 2426 Athabasca avenue, corner 25th. In future Mrs. Little will receive on the third Monday of the month.

Mrs. R. W. McKinnell, 657 15th street, will not receive on Monday, January 15th, but will receive on Wednesday, 17th, and afterwards on the 3rd Monday as usual.

The Alberta Women's Association will meet Saturday, January 13th, at 3 p.m. at Mrs. Revell's house, Strathcona. At 3.15 Mr. R. H. Watt will speak on "Certain Phases of Music" with vocal and instrumental illustrations.

The Third Assembly, which took place on Friday evening was not behind its predecessors in point of smartness or enjoyableness.

Though it was a perishing cold night, the ball room was very comfortably crowded—indeed, I think that to attempt to accommodate any more is folly—and two popular hostesses, Mrs. Pardee and Mrs. Duncan Smith received, the former in a handsome frock of gold chameuse and Persian embroideries, Mrs. Duncan Smith, in a lovely creation of pale blue satin, veiled in dew-drop net, and garnitures of gold and chrysalis.

Others who looked particularly well, were: Mrs. Tom Douglas in exquisite pale pink satin, draped in chiffon of the same lovely shade.

Mrs. Jack Anderson in a very modish frock of gold chameuse, with some of the loveliest Limerick lace.

Mrs. Scoble in white satin, veiled in black and gold and silver.

Mrs. Jennings in wistaria satin, veiled in printed chiffon introducing the same tones.

Mrs. Arnold Soars in a simple black and white chiffon frock.

Mrs. Heathcott in taupe satin.

Mrs. W. E. Lines in a Paris gown of some soft shade of green chameuse, draped in chiffon.

Mrs. Nightingale in exquisite white embroidered lace.

Mrs. Charlesworth in black satin and jet, a bandeau of turquoise in her hair.

Mrs. Ford, in black satin with some fine lace on the décolleté.

Mrs. Lane, in pale blue satin, with a soft lace fichu.

Mrs. Jim Ponton, in white satin, veiled in Paddy green-chiffon.

Miss Haycock in white lace, with mauve chiffon draperies.

Miss Nora Campbell, very sweet in white satin, veiled in black chiffon.

Miss Joan Macdonald, in white satin and chrysalis.

Miss Beck, in a smart black satin frock, with a semi-draping of gold lace on the bodice.

Miss Kate Boucher in becoming black.

Miss Sowden, in white satin.

Miss Jessie Belcher, in one of the prettiest frocks, pale blue satin and silver.

Miss Down, in maize satin and silver, a pretty girlish figure.

Miss Bessie Scott, in attractive black.

Miss Lyl Scott, in pale pink veiled in pale blue chiffon.

The Misses Saunders, in fascinating Paris frocks, pale blue and pale pink, all ruffles and lace, and very Frenchy and smart.

Miss Craig, in pale blue satin.

Miss Thompson in rich black lace.

Although Mrs. J. C. Biggs selected one of the coldest days in the year, Wednesday, on which to hold her first reception since her marriage, her attractive little home on 25th street was pleasantly

(Continued on Page Eight.)

ANNUAL CLEANING UP SALE

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It contains good Opporito Wine—acting as nourishing and reconstructive adjuvant—and extract of Cinchona Bark, a general tonic increasing cardiac action and stimulating mental activity. The combination is palatable, easily borne by the most delicate stomach and may be depended upon to give good results.

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75 Cents Per Dozen

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25 Cents Per String

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Kidney, Bladder and Gall Stone diseases cured, stones removed; no pain, no operation. Information free.

SANOL

977 Main Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

crowded with friends about the tea hour, those who came early having the added pleasure of hearing the young mistress sing some charming selections.

With Mrs. Biggs who looked very sweet in heavy corded white silk, with some filmy lace on the bodice, and a string of corals, was Mrs. Fletcher Bredin, just down from the North, and all her old friends welcoming her.

Assisting in the tea-room were Mrs. Alan Fraser, Mrs. Balmer Watt, Mrs. Frank Smith, and Miss Joan MacDonald, and Miss MacAlpine, the table looking most attractive with a low arrangement of pink carnations, on a mirror base, and smilax winding its fairy-like tendrils over the lace centrepiece, and adorning the artistic electrolite.

Mrs. Biggs will receive in future on the 3rd Monday of each month.

Mrs. Goldwin Kirkpatrick is entertaining three tables at Bridge this Saturday.

Mrs. Pole-Hampden, who with her husband has a fine ranch in the Clover Bar district, has been spending a week in town with Mrs. Pardoe.

Mrs. Wallace MacDonald has a tea hour hostess on Wednesday, asking a few friends in to meet the visitors in town.

Mrs. Duncan Smith's four-table Bridge, on Wednesday afternoon, was a repetition of the two jolly parties of the week before. This time Mrs. Scoble and Mrs. Nightingale were the fortunate ones, carrying off charming silver souvenirs.

Mrs. Smith received her guests in a modish frock of rose-figured marquisette, with touches of pale blue, some fine lace, and an exquisite chain of coin-shaped turquoise.

At the tea-table, done with a rose-pink Begonia, and some softly-shaded candles, Mrs. Calderon, Mrs. Balmer Watt, and Mrs. Palmer did the honors, while Mrs. Tom Douglas, who, by the way was looking as pretty as a picture, Madame Martin, and Mrs. Jim Ponton, assisted.

Mrs. Bredin and Mrs. Gifford left on Wednesday to visit friends in Toronto and Cobourg.

The Bridge given by Mrs. Ambrose Dickens on Wednesday evening, was one of the jolliest affairs of a merry week. Eight tables played, Madame Thibaudau and Mr. Harold Richards making top scores, and carrying home a beautiful picture and a book as rewards of their skill.

OUT OF FRENCH'S.

If you go to the end of the tram-line that travels out of Victoria towards "French's," get off, and ask any chance-met native how to reach the General's wild-animal collection, he will tell you, "Keep right on out this road and pretty soon you'll smell 'em," says C. L. Armstrong, writing in December CANADIAN MONTHLY. "In fact, the smell and the noise are being complained of by the residents of the district, who care nothing that some of the rarest wild beasts in captivity contribute to the noise and the smell." Captain Ricardo, the trainer, showed how he worked pumas, and then to top off the performance, the Captain entered the cage of Sharkey and Sultana. "Now you just watch how old Sharkey acts up," exclaimed little Mrs. Ricardo, proudly. "He's a dear; he always makes such a fuss, bless his old heart, just as if he was awfully fierce, you know."

And sure enough, Sharkey, the playful little thing, did! He opened his cage and gave a correct imitation of the surf in a heavy gale. Next he made a rush at the Captain, who side-stepped gracefully and flicked at the old king with his cane. This placed the Captain between the male lion and his mate and we looked for interesting developments. Sharkey let go another house wrecker and Sultana like echo, answered. The Captain coolly pressed himself against the side of the cage and motioned the big lion back. Sharkey stood pat. Then the Captain drew his gun and stenned forward.

"Now, don't you point that thing this way," shouted Mrs. Ricardo. "Last week you nearly blinded me with the wadding!" Two reports cracked out almost together, the fire spat into Sharkey's eyes, and with a terrific roar of rage, he leaped clear from one end of the cage to the other and crouched beside his mate. "CAPTAIN!" went the Camera Man's whistle.

"I don't," the Captain accused us as he mopped the sweat of honest toil from his brow and etc., etc., with us toward the exit. You know what I was thinking about. But black panthers—well, you can put it down

that they're the worst and then come leopards and African hyenas."

ORIGIN OF LIFE.

The Russian biologist Mereschkovski has recently advanced a new theory of the origin of life that differs from all previous hypotheses, says a London exchange. It has been generally assumed that the basis of all organic life is the protoplasm composed of albuminous molecules, which are very sensitive to certain poisons. Now, however, science knows a whole world of minute corpuscles which do not need oxygen for their existence and bear the temperature of boiling water. They do not make the amoeboid movements characteristic of the protoplasm and seem to be immune to the strongest poisons, such as morphine, prussic acid and strychnine.

In composition this living matter, which Mereschkovski calls mycoplasma, must therefore be very different from protoplasm. Thanks to its extraordinary resistance, it could originate on earth long before protoplasm, and had already formed itself when the earth's surface was covered with seething waters from which oxygen was absent and in which great volumes of poisonous salts were held in solution.

Only after eons, when the oceans and the surface of the earth had cooled down sufficiently to allow most metallic salts to crystallize, and when an oxygenous atmosphere had been created, could a higher form of life, the protoplasm, be called into existence. From this strange monera, the living and moving clots of jelly first mentioned by Professor Haeckel. These monera, though at first hostile to the older mycoplasma, were called upon to perform with the latter the first division of labor in the evolutionary process, and they became jointly the progenitors of higher forms of life. Protoplasm became the host of mycoplasma and formed the first form of cell life, the bacterium. You know what I was thinking about. But black panthers—the protoplasm became the environment membrane.

Mrs. Dickens received wearing a smart toilette of pale blue striped silk, with pipings, and tiny buttons, of black.

Miss Gouin wore a very pretty white satin frock veiled in emerald spangled black net.

After a jolly game, a delicious supper was served.

The guests included all the much-feted out of town visitors: Mrs. Benson, Mrs. Stephenson, and Mrs. MacDonald-Hogg.

Much to everyone's regret, Miss Gouin left for her home in Winnipeg on Thursday night. Everyone has liked her, for her unaffected ways, and her cheery, happy outlook on life, and hosts of parties in her honor, have borne testimony to how eager everyone was to give her a good time on her visit.

Already I have heard of four Bridges on for next week. Mrs. Hislop gives two, one on Wednesday and the other on Friday night, and Mrs. Percy Barnes also has two, one on Thursday and one on Friday nights.

Monday, three Bridge parties were on the tapis.

In the afternoon Mrs. Lane and Mrs. Brown entertained at the popular game, and in the evening Mrs. Macdonald had six tables in for play.

At Mrs. Lane's, Mrs. Scoble, Mrs. Barford and Mrs. Archie Ponton were the victors, Mrs. Dickens and Mrs. Charlesworth doing the honors of the tea-table, while Miss Lillian Hardisty and Miss Conie Griffith assisted.

Mrs. Brown's party, given for Mrs. Joseph Cauchon, and at which three tables played, resulted in Mrs. Hugh Campbell, and Miss Johnston carrying off the dainty prizes.

Madame Thibaudau and Mr. Tom Douglas were top scorers at Mrs. Macdonald's party, receiving as souvenirs a Harrison Fisher book and two fine copies of Turner and Milnes subjects.

Mrs. Ross, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. W. A. Brown, this winter, left on a trip to South America on Tuesday.

Mrs. Magrath was the hostess at a huge tea on Thursday, when about two hundred guests crowded her rooms, all being anxious to have a word with the hostess, who leaves shortly with her husband on a trip to the Holy Land. The tea table was a lovely arrangement of white roses and fern, and was presided over by Mrs. Riddell, Mrs. Leitch, and Mrs. Macdonald.

(Continued on Page Eight.)



AT ONCE—not tomorrow. Phone 4265 or call at MacDougall Ave.

Look at the Following

Grant, Block 27, 2 lots, \$1,500 each, half cash.
Glenora, Blk. 37, \$750; ½ cash.
New Glenora, 2 lots, Blk. 93, \$4,500; half cash.
Inglewood, Blk. 49, \$1,400; \$925 cash.
Inglewood, Blk. 4, on 24th St., \$2,500; half cash.
Inglewood, Blk. 5, double corner \$2,600; half cash.
Inglewood, Blk. 3, corner 23rd and St. Lawrence, \$1,200; half cash.
Norwood, Blk. 57, \$750; half cash.
Norwood, Blk. 78, \$500; \$300 cash.
Westgrove, 2 lots, Blk. 7, \$1,300 each, half cash.
Westmount, Blk. 13, \$900; half cash.
R. Lot 4, Blk. 12, 2 lots, \$600 each, third cash.
R. Lot 4, Blk. 3, \$500 cash; \$550, half cash.
R. Lot 10, corner Namayo and

Boulevard, 44 ft. on Namayo, 140 ft. on Boulevard, \$13,000, third cash, 1 and 2 years.
R. Lot 14, Blk. 21, Syndicate Ay., \$2,100; third cash.
Old Parkdale, Blk. 2, double corner, \$1,200; half cash, Strathcona.
North Delton, 16 lots, Blk. 28; inside lots \$200, corners \$250 each; third cash, bal. 1 and 2 years.
Brooklyn, 5 acres, 254 ft. frontage on Namayo, \$425 per acre.
Belvedere, 2 lots, Blk. 9, \$325; third cash.
Belvedere, 3 lots, Blk. 29, \$750 cash, or \$300 corner, \$275 inside; easy terms.
Delton, Blk. 39, \$250, ½ cash.
Delton, 9 lots, Blk. 40, \$250 each; \$100 per lot, bal. to suit.
Westgrove, 2 lots, Blk. 9, \$400 each; third cash.
Westmount, Blk. 13, \$900; half cash.
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Kindly list any property you have for sale, whether city or country. The present listings I am destroying as no good.

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Vancouver, B.C.

Don't wait until your bread becomes stale before casting it up on the waters.

The longer it takes a man to get rich, the more certain he is not to let it get away from him before he dies.

The women who complain that they have nothing to wear can trace their complaint back to Mother Eve.

When you see a man armed with a corkscrew the chances are he is going to be present at an opening.

Breathes there a woman with soul so dead that she can resist reading a magazine article on "How to Be Beautiful?"

Degenerate Family Costly to State

A discovery declared to be of immense importance to criminologists has recently been made in the archives of the N.Y. Prison Association in the form of all the original chart made by R. L. Dugdale, one of the managers of the Prison association 40 years ago, in preparation of his long-famous study of the Jukes family. Mr. Dugdale's study is known throughout the world by criminologists and all others interested in the problems of feeble-mindedness, degeneracy and delinquency.

Though enough has been written about the charts to fill several libraries, the charts themselves have long been lost, or, rather, thought to be lost, together with the real name of the family. Their discovery came a few days ago only after representatives of the Carnegie institute at Cold Spring Harbor, L.I., wrote to Dr. O. F. Lewis, secretary of the association, asking if the utmost search could not be made for the Dugdale charts, as the institute was desirous of attempting the task of bringing them down to date—that is, through a period of nearly half a century. This could be done only with the possession of the names of the members of the family, which the charts alone contained.

A thorough ransacking of the Prison Association's archives in the basement of 135 East Fifteenth street, followed, the Association clerks turning up papers and dust, which had remained undisturbed through many decades.

Dr. Henry H. Goddard, a well-known student of feeble-mindedness, and Dr. C. B. Davenport, director of studies in feeble-mindedness and eugenics, carried on by the Carnegie institute, were at once notified. Both declared the discovery of the utmost importance to them in their work, since in the charts the names of nearly 900 persons traced by Dugdale in the ramifications of 42 branches of a single original family were all recorded, as well as the others mentioned in the charts.

The history of the Jukes family is cited, criminologists say, more frequently than that of any other similar family, either in the United States or abroad, and is regarded as an example of the enormous cost and widespread mental, moral and physical disaster resulting from feeble-mindedness and other forms of degeneracy. What Emile Zola traced with insight and popularity in France in his history of the Rougon-Macquart family, Mr. Dugdale, in a modest, unassuming way, did for this state as a manager of the Prison Association of New York.

When in the year 1875 as a member of a special committee he visited a number of the jails in New York state, Mr. Dugdale noticed that in several of the jails of a certain section of the state appeared persons with the same name. From this initial clue he proceeded with infinite pains to trace backward the histories of those persons and their families. The character of discovery he made is shown in the following quotation from a recent synopsis of his study:

"Mr. Dugdale calculated the cost to society of the entire family in 75 years as nearly a million and a quarter of dollars, without reckoning the entailment of pauperism and diseases in the survivors of succeeding generations. Pauperism is nearly eight times as common in the Jukes family as in the whole population."

The special significance of the discovery at this time of the original charts, with the real names of all the members of the family traced by Mr. Dugdale, until now unknown, is, however, that the trained investigators of the Carnegie institute can at once begin to trace the history of this remarkable family during the many years that have elapsed since Mr. Dugdale ceased his investigations. This means that there are from one to two generations more of this family now to be traced, and the study will undoubtedly bring to light, Carnegie institute investigators say, a further expense to this state in lives and money, in morals, in disease, in pauperism and crime that is likely to stagger the people of the state when the facts become known.

Yet the significance from a social viewpoint of this extended study will be that this family, starting originally back in the eighteenth century, from a man whom Dugdale called "Max," born between the years 1720 and 1740, is the history of a family whose crimes and debauchery, feeble-mindedness, and pauperism have been conditioned largely by the mental and physical flaws in the original stock. It is now generally seen that the most careful students of feeble-mindedness that a large proportion of feeble-mindedness is hereditary, carrying with it a sequence in large proportion not only of imbecility and idiocy, but also alcoholism, epilepsy, insanity, pauperism, crime, and other anti-social conditions.

Agitation in this state in recent years has developed for the permanent care of as large a proportion of our feeble-minded population as possible. The Jukes family has been cited with great frequency as a most powerful argument for the permanent custodial care of the members of society who, with a lack of mental equipment, have

an increased bent toward crime and immorality, and other practices as dangerous to society.

The completion of the Jukes study by competent students will produce a work, according to criminologists without equal in the statistical and sociological study of degeneracy.

In a recent study made by the Prison Association of feeble-mindedness in its relation to criminality, these facts relating to several concrete instances of the career of boys reported as imbecile by the physician of the Elmira reformatory were brought to light. Of 17 such imbeciles paroled to the Prison Association in 1904, 12 had previously been arrested and 10 imprisoned. At least 5 of the 17 have been in prison since their release from the reformatory in 1904. One of the men reported as an imbecile had been six times arrested and three times imprisoned before his commitment to Elmira, and is now a fugitive from justice. Of the 60 men recorded as defective mentally in a group of 450 men paroled in 1904, 42 had been arrested prior to their commitment to Elmira, and 23, or more than 50 per cent, have been arrested since their parole.

Criminologists say there are undoubtedly thousands of feeble-minded persons in correctional institutions. The presence of the feeble-minded is believed to be a detriment to many plans that have been adopted for the instruction and training of prisoners. The complete exclusion from the ordinary prison of persons afflicted with tuberculosis has improved the healthfulness of those prisons, and has also supplied a better and more hopeful means of treatment for the unfortunate sufferers, in the opinion of students of the subject. It is likewise held that similar segregation should be applied to all those to whom special treatment would be a benefit, or whose ailments are of such a nature as to endanger the welfare of others.

UNDER A CURSE.

The outlook for the young ten-year-old Marquis of Waterford is not bright. For his father was drowned in the River Clodagh on his estate, about ten miles out of Waterford, the other day, and along with wealth and title the boy inherits a curse that has been fulfilled three times in succession. According to old Curraghmore natives, the mishap to the popular faith of the lad was the outcome of the curse that was put upon the Beresford family years ago in the reign of King John.

"It was a Mark Beresford in those days," said one, "and he hanged without decent right for doing it the son of an old woman. She put a curse upon the house. It looks as if the curse will never die out. The great grandfather of the dead Marquis was killed while hunting, and his father, after a crippling hunting accident, shot himself."

Lord Waterford, it seems, was liable to sudden attacks of cramp in one of his legs. It is believed that he was so seized when walking along the river and was powerless. The Marchioness is a daughter of the Marquis of Lansdowne.

THE MAN IN THE SHACK.

He is swarthy and brown from the glow of the sun And the world does not dream of the work he has done;

For the world has its heroes of pomp and parade Who are honored because of the waste they have made, But this man drives the desert and wilderness back By his brain and his brawn, does the Man in the Shack.

Where the prairie stretched bare in the summer's hot glow

Or was weary and drear in the shroud of the snow He has builded his shack; he has plied his toil 'Gainst the silence and space that would make him their spoil.

And our civilization is wearing a track To the line that is set by the Man in the Shack.

He is rough, he is crude—but the world where he lives

I but rough and but crude in the life that it gives, With the wind sweeping down with a fury that jars And the night with its lonely array of the stars— Yet he does not make moan over what he may lack, But looks out on his conquest—the Man in the Shack.

Aye, the Builder, the Doer, the Winner of Ways! He is shaping a realm with the toil of the days, And no hero of old had a sturdier heart

Or more nobly performed what he saw as his part! And the future he bears on his sinewy back— Here's a hail and a health to the Man in the Shack! —Wilbur D. Nestlé.

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THE ITALIAN SOLDIER.

(From cable letter in New York paper.)

Even if Tripoli should prove worthless to Italy, the war will have served the purpose of showing the fighting quality of Italian soldiers.

The fishermen of Naples and Sicily who are serving in the navy and the peasants from small villages scattered between the Alps and Sicily who are serving in the army have overcome difficulties which might have stopped veteran soldiers. A soldier on outpost duty had his helmet pierced through by a bullet. He took it off and closely examined the two holes. "A close shave, eh?" remarked the officer, "What did you feel?"

"Wind through my hair, sir," answered a mule driver whose beast had been shot dead by a Turkish bullet. The driver was calmly taking off the load from the mule's back, and in so doing he muttered: "I am sorry for thee, but better thou than I."

Many of the soldiers write to their mothers at home, sending them the money they save from their small pay and saying that they do not need it, as they are getting extra rations. Their unselfishness is on a par with their courage.

Nor is the patriotism of Italians at home less marked than the pluck of the soldiers at the front. Poor people are saving money to contribute it to the fund for the wounded in war, and everybody is buying presents to send to the soldiers for Christmas. An old woman handed a package of cakes to an officer and asked him to send it to Tripoli for the soldiers. All she said by way of explanation was: "I intended to send them to my son, but he has been killed, so I thought the others might have them."

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LAST OF THE SIX HUNDRED.

"Men of the Light Brigade! Stand! 'Tion!" In these words, but in accents much milder than those of a drill sergeant, the Marquis of Ailesbury asked, but did not command, eleven survivors of the "Charge of the Light Brigade" who met at dinner the other evening in a London restaurant to rise and face the camera.

It was an anniversary dinner, for it was on October 25, 1854, that the 600 rode into the Valley of Death. Every one of the eleven had faced with alacrity the Russian guns, but it was with the greatest difficulty that they could be persuaded to face the camera. Not a man rose.

"Come on, Pennington!" said T. H. Roberts, the founder of the Balacava Fund, and slowly and with obvious dislike of the ordeal, Pennington, formerly of the Eleventh Hussars, a veteran of nearly eighty, raised himself to his height of six feet. Thus encouraged, the others followed.

The chairman of the dinner was the Marquis of Ailesbury, a near relative of that Earl of Cardigan who led the charge, and the survivors present were: W. Bird, A. H. Campbell, H. Herbert, E. Hindley, M. Holland, J. Mustard, W. Olley, J. Parkinson, W. H. Pennington, W. H. Spring, and H. Wilsden. The only two surviving officers of the charge are Lord Tredgar and Sir George Wombwell, and both were unable to be present.

From the King came a telegram thanking the veterans of "the far-famed charge" for the loyal sentiments they had conveyed to his Majesty, and wishing them a pleasant evening. Queen Alexandra also sent a message of sympathy, and Countess Cardigan, widow of the leader of the charge, telegraphed her good wishes. Messages were received from veterans assembled at Maryhill Barracks, Glasgow, from the Tumbidge Wells Veterans' Association, and from a similar association at Newcastle-on-Tyne, representing veterans of Northumberland. From the outskirts of the empire came a telegram signed by boys of twelve to fourteen years attending a school at Edmonton.

Several toasts were honored, and at the close the company, in solemn silence, drank to the memory of their dead comrades.

MEDALS NOT APPRECIATED.

Officials of the British Government, and particularly of the War Office, are wondering whether war medals, including those for special service, have not been issued with so lavish a hand that their possession brings no feeling of pride to many of their recipients.

More than 30,000 unclaimed war medals are in the ordnance stores at Woolwich and the authorities have decided that these shall be melted if application for them is not made soon. Few if any of the general auction firms have not had war

medals for sale at one time or another. One of the best known auction concerns, which makes a specialty of articles prized by collectors, sold a Victoria Cross recently.

Military men are discussing the matter of adopting a new system of recognition for war service and one of them expressed the opinion that poverty alone would induce a soldier or his relations to sell war decorations. While there were war medals issued in England as far back as 1643 by Charles I., the practice of giving them by the wholesale was not begun until all officers and men who served at Waterloo were authorized to receive them. England's frequent wars since then have produced a flood of these badges of a grateful country's appreciation. Rudyard Kipling has testified that he has often seen "the frontier plaister go for liquor on the toss, but no man, he said, would sell his Victoria Cross.

PHYSICAL CONDITIONS IN TWO CONTINENTS

Col. Thos. Wentworth Higginson, in a recent article, said that during the American civil war 740 out of every 1,000 journalists called for service were found unfit. Of preachers, 974 out of a thousand were found in the same condition; of physicians 680, and of lawyers 544. That was at a time, too, when the proportion of urban population was smaller than it is now, when the standard of fitness for service was lower than that now prevailing, and before modern luxury had more or less sapped the vitality of the whole American people.

There is a striking contrast between this and statements coming from Australia, where it is shown that about 95 per cent. of the lads called out for service under the new military law of Australia are physically fit. Why the difference in the two continents?

A possible explanation in the difference between physical standards in the two continents is furnished by a writer in the Standard of Empire. This writer says the population of Australia is well housed, and tenements do not exist. There are, he says, none of the slums which form a blot on English civilization, but each family, even in Melbourne and Sydney, has a separate dwelling place, with a back yard and plot of ground in front. Not only this, but Australians are the best fed people in the world, consuming more meat and sugar per head than people of any other nation. Another important fact which this correspondent has not mentioned, is that Australians spend a large part of their time in the open air, the climatic conditions rendering this both easy and enjoyable.

The Mirror



THE PHILOSOPHIC ATTITUDE.

In cushioned ease before the cheerful blaze
I holl at length and toast my slippers toes,
Defiant of sweet spring's most Arctic days,
Well sheltered from each chilly wind that blows.
On frosty seas the reckless lambkins frisk,
But hat, of course, is purely their affair,
And if they really like to take the risk,
Well, let them! I don't care!

A book and eke a pipe of well proved worth,
A glass of something comfortably hot,
These be, indeed, the truest friends on earth!
The thought of others whose unhappy lot
A glance through yonder window will reveal,
A hapless crew, cerulean-nosed and chill,
But serves to make me hug myself and feel
A bit more cosy still!

Only the flickering firelight's fitful gleam
Plays on my lyre that hangs upon the wall.
No editor demands a vernal theme
While winter holds a stricken land in thrall.
Thew armth the optimistic nature seeks
Perchance may be returning by and by,
The warmth the optimistic nature seeks
Why, bless you, so can I!

TOUCHSTONE.

"BLUE ROOMS."

Perhaps because I have a blue room that means much to me, the following article by a friend of mine, and sister woman journalist, Miss Marjorie MacMurchy, President of the Canadian Women's Press Club, Toronto, in the University Magazine, interested me in an especial degree. But whether you, dear Reader, have a "blue room" or not, I think the contribution will appeal to you.

The personality of rooms is a fascinating subject. They are one of the mirrors that reflect unerringly the individuality of their occupants.

The color of rooms too, as Miss MacMurchy points out, tells a story all its own.

In a day of houses, not homes, maybe "Blue Rooms" will preach a missionary sermon, that is much needed; Hark to the preacher:

"I stayed with Maria Buckle in the first house she furnished. She had been married less than three months. Since I was a chosen friend, Maria put me in her favorite room. Maria Buckle is a passionate lover of blue, and so am I. There have been many blue rooms in the world, but Maria's was the bluest. Using words with precision, which is desirable, there was more blue surface in Maria's blue room and less surface which was not blue than in any other blue room devised by woman.

"Girls of a spiritual temperament who marry young are and happy have a tender visioning look which is an index of the way they mean to live. I did not know then that for the rest of my life I should remember Maria's face with this luminous expression. It is true that the love I have now for the people of the world has been caused mainly by the ways of young wives, the ways of old women, the ways of mothers, the ways of men in love, and the ways of fathers. But Maria's look was not as beautiful to me then as I perceive it to be now in memory. No, at that time Maria and I were absorbed in questions of furnishing and house-keeping. Almost every day she would discover one more blue article which could go into the blue room, ousting some alien structure which was not blue. In this way we discovered the blue pen and the blue pen-wiper. The blotting paper had been blue from the beginning. The carpet was blue. The walls were blue. There was some small trifle of white chairs, and a table standing about, and a brass bedstead. But except for muslin curtains, Maria's room was totally, soulfully blue. 'I have always wanted a blue room,' Maria rhapsodized, 'and now I have it. Oh Angela!' Naturally we knew that many brides, like Maria, had blue rooms. This knowledge spurred Maria on to greater achievements. We were both earnest furnishers. Yet I confess to an inarticulate unhappiness connected with my feeling for the blue room, which I concealed from Maria with greater intensity of concealment than if it had been a crime.

"Since the date of Maria's blue room life has dealt with us both somewhat comprehensively. We have visited various parts of the earth with cheerfulness. Yet through ups and downs of life the uneasy feeling with regard to blue rooms has accom-

panied me. There was a mystery about the blue room which I could not fathom. Why, for instance, did I not wish a blue room of my own? Let it be granted that all color has an inexplicable fascination. Blue has a greater fascination for some of us than other colors. Pink has its devotees. One may be merely fond of color without being profoundly influenced by it, but to love color deeply means a modification of character. What we love has much to do with our beginning, before we understand anything, and with the end, when we will understand all. There are days of which one remembers most clearly their color. The colors of spring, the colors of autumn, color in winter, summer colors, are built up into a world that glows iridescently like a great bubble which some infant angel in paradise has blown out of soap-suds and water, and then has thrown off over the ramparts of heaven so that the heavenly colors in the bubble may dance in the air. Maria in her blue room, like the infant angel, was experimenting with the color bubble. All brides have the same instinct, and all young girls. Thus the world has thrust upon it not the blue room only, but the pink room, the yellow room, the red room, the green room, the lavender room, each furnished with wall-paper, carpets, and ornaments to match.

"Last August I saw Maria Buckle in London. Buckle is Maria's maiden name. I use it with good reason, since being a famous actress she has retained her maiden name in public life, and in private life is happily married. Her look in London was as eloquent of high feeling and fine thought as her young wife's look was of devotion. That mysterious look of the young wife which cannot be described in words has been moulded by Maria into sweet archness, passionate love, gay banter, deep despair, noble resolution, and all great knowledge of all the heart. She met me with such sincerity that her gestures were the very language of the country to which we all belong—the country of feeling. After we had talked and enjoyed each other's past history, Maria wished to show me her house. I was eager to see it. I sat down and worshipped color in a jar glorified by a mass of bachelor buttons of a distinct impregnable blue. I poked Maria's sofa pillows of two marvellous shades of purple melting ecstatically the one into the other. We talked at length in every room of Maria's house. The moment came when the secret of blue rooms dawned upon me. It is as exact as a formula. It is, in fact, a formula. No doubt, the secret is taught in schools of applied art. But Maria Buckle and I discovered the secret of the blue room between us. Lovers of color who wish to have a blue room should use the color as if it were a jewel. The rest of the room must be the setting only, not blue, but a combining of unobtrusive colors of a sweet reasonableness against which the blue jewel rests and shines. Such colors as belong to the ripe seeds of the maple, straw of wheat, stems of timothy grass, colors like sand and clay, are for walls, floors, and coverings; and then the jewel, a blue jar, a blue sofa pillow, a blue flower, a blue hanging, I told Maria. She looked at me. 'My blue room!' she said. 'We all begin the same way.'

"I leave it with you. My hope is that I may not live again in a room furnished entirely and blankly in any one color. One does not venture to point out how this principle may be applied to life in general, to character in particular, and to all enjoyment without exception. It is enough to have discovered, or re-discovered, the secret of the blue room. The jewel treatment of color may lift a burden from many hearts which have been weary of their own blue, pink, lavender, or yellow rooms."

Peggy

HOW TO MAKE CHOCOLATE ICING.

An easy way to make delicious chocolate icing is to mix one-quarter cup of Fry's Cocoa with two cups of confectioner's sugar, adding two table-spoons of boiling water, or cream.

Many of the best cooks follow this recipe nowadays. Fry's Cocoa gives the icing an exquisite flavor. The usual "bother" of making icing with cake chocolate, which sometimes must be ordered specially for the purpose, is avoided. Try it.



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JEWELRY LOOK
LIKE THE NEW
PIECES YOU HAVE
JUST RECEIVED?**

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may make it just as
good as new.*

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NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that in
accordance with the provisions of
the Irrigation Act, the St. Albert
Colleries Company, Limited, have
filed the necessary memorial and
plans required by Sections 13
and 15 of the said Act, with the
Commissioner of Irrigation at
Calgary, Alberta.

The applicants apply for the
right to divert one-fourth of one
cubic foot of water per second
from the Sturgeon River, at a
point on River Lot 54, Township
53, Range 25, West of the 4th
Meridian, for other purposes, and
for the right to construct the nec-
essary works as shown by the
memorial and plans filed, to en-
able the water so diverted to be
used for the said other purposes
in the colleries.

The undermentioned lands are
also affected by right of way for
the proposed works, viz.: River
Lot 54, and the Northwest quarter
of section 28, in township 53,
range 25, west of the 4th Meri-
dian.

Dated at St. Albert, Alberta,
this 28th day of November, 1911.

ST. ALBERT COLLIERIES
LIMITED

By Short, Cross & Biggar, their
solicitors.

Applicants.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

(Continued from Page Five.)

Mrs. Slack, Mrs. W. I. Cratts, Mrs. Burbeck, and
Mrs. Gallingier. Other assistants were Mrs. Holgate,
Mrs. Le Roy Chown, Miss Jackson, and Mrs. V. P.
Hunt, and a host of the younger set.

Mrs. Magrath wore a handsome toilette of blue
satin with ornamentations of jet and cut steel.

At a meeting of the new Women's Canadian
Club of Edmonton, at Mrs. Duncan Marshall's on
Monday afternoon, it was decided to hold the in-
augural luncheon at the King Edward Hotel on
Saturday, January 20th, at 1.15. Mrs. D. G. Mc-
Queen being asked to address the club, following
the luncheon, on "Old-Time Reminiscences." Mrs.
Arthur Murphy, the President will also speak on
the aims and objects of the club, and a most enjoy-
able meeting should be the result.

No new members can now be received without
first being ballotted on, so numerous have been
the applications for membership. Some two hun-
dred in all.

Tickets for the luncheon may be obtained by
the members, at Douglas's and Young's book stores,
and should be secured as early as possible. Tickets
for visitors up to the number of fifteen, may also
be secured on application to the Secretary, Mrs.
Riddell.

At the meeting on Monday, those present were
Mrs. Murphy, President; Mrs. Balmer Watt, Treas-
urer; Mrs. Nightingale, Secretary pro tem; Mrs.
Ewing Mrs. Petherford, Mrs. Griesbach, Mrs. Mar-
shall and Madame Cauchon.

Mrs. Riddell was elected permanent secretary,
and Mrs. Wm. Short to the executive.

A large and very smart crowd of fashionably-
frocced women, turned out to Madame Martin's
house-warming tea on Saturday afternoon, when
she threw open her delightful new home on 15th
street, in honor of her aunt, Mrs. Stephenson, of
Peterboro.

House and hostess were alike charming, and
both very much admired. The rendezvous de-
sistance is the den or living room, a long apartment
with raftered ceiling, and panelled walls, and a
huge cobble fire-place at one end.

Here gathered on Saturday the bulk of the ad-
miring tea-parties, who were loud in their praises
of its cheeriness and charm. All about were frag-
rant flowers, the tea-table, in the most attractive
dining room, being centred by a tall crystal vase
of pink carnations, while Japanese-shaded candles,
also lent their glow to the general pretty effect.
Doing the honors were Mrs. Wallace MacDonald,
Madame Cote, Mrs. Nash and Madame Duhac each
two presiding over the tea and coffee, for an hour.
Mrs. Tom Douglas and Madame Thibaudau had
charge of the ices, while Miss Beck, Miss Bown,
Miss Cauchon, Miss Aloysis McKenney, Miss
Barnes, Miss Campbell, Miss Morkin, Miss Lillian
Hardisty and Miss Lyl Scott were a bevy of atten-
tive assistants.

Madame Martin received in a striking tan toi-
lette with wide reverses of black and white, and a
deep white broadcloth collar, in which she looked
very chic and attractive.

Mrs. Stephenson, who is already a general fa-
vorite, was smartly gowned in wistaria silk, with
white lace insertions, and touches of Paddy green.
With this she wore a large black picture hat.

Everybody one knew, seemed there, and the
cosy new house started on its hospitable career,
quite, one might say, under the happiest possible
circumstances.

The same day Mrs. Scoble had a tiny Bridge
tea, two tables playing, Miss Gouin being the guest
of honor, and she and Mrs. J. D. Harrison carrying
off the dainty favors.

Mrs. Scoble received her guests in a dainty
black chiffon costume made over white, very
smartly but simply cut.

The tea table had an exquisite shower of white
hyacinths and pink carnations as a centerpiece,
Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Balmer Watt, and Mrs. T.
W. Lines, assisting.

At noon Miss Marion Seymour gave a smart
luncheon of six covers, at the King Edward Hotel,
for Miss Gouin, when the young hostess wore a
most becoming gown of mauve, and did the honors
in the happiest possible manner.

The table was exquisitely and profusely done
in cerise cyclamen, a novel but startlingly lovely
treatment, and the luncheon was delicious and very
well served.

Those enjoying it, were Mrs. Dickins, Mrs.
Balmer Watt, Miss Ivy Kerr, Miss Sowden, and
Miss Gouin.

Mrs. Harold Richards will receive on Monday,
Mrs. MacDonald-Hogg, of London, Eng., receiving
with her.

Mrs. F. S. Smale, 876 23rd street, will receive
on Monday for the first time since her marriage.

I will have to hold over the account of Mrs. J.

D. Harrison's Bridge on Thursday afternoon, for
Miss Gouin, and Mrs. MacMahon's Bridge the same
evening, until next week's issue.

Mrs. Henwood was one of last Saturday's
Bridge hostesses. Mrs. Benson and Miss Gouin be-
ing the honored guests. Three tables played the
exciting game, in which Mrs. Stephenson and Mr.
Justice Beck, proved the victors.

On Sunday afternoon Miss Forsythe asked a
few friends down to the "Blue Moon" for a cup of
tea, and to meet Miss Gouin, who is an old-time
friend. Though the day was an unmentionably
stormy one, a cheery group of congenial people
rallied to the little party and thoroughly enjoyed
the happy hour, in such pleasant surround-
ings, and with a hostess who is kindness and hos-
pitality itself.

Miss Forsythe looked very pretty and distinguee
in a graceful black gown of softest chiffon, over
silk. Several of the guests, seen as well as fair,
played and sang, and added very materially to a
thoroughly enjoyable hour.

Much regret has been expressed over Mr. Jef-
ferson's announcement that he finds it necessary
to give up the pastorship of Christ Church and
move away from Edmonton.

While Capt. Morrison, a recent visitor to Ed-
monton, and some where in the west, has been
away from Edmonton, and his paper, the Evening Times,
of London, England, of which he was the largest
proprietor, came unexpectedly to grief. The enter-
prise, which cost \$300,000, was, according to
statements in the London newspapers, on the eve
of financial success, when a crisis occurred. Capt.
Morrison, it is stated, was unwilling to afford any
more financial assistance, and his absence from the
country and the impossibility of communicating
with him brought about a crisis unforeseen, and the
company decided to close down on Saturday, De-
cember 16.

The sum of \$35,000 had been subscribed by
the staff, the newspaper men, compositors, line
operators, machine men, and even the newsboys to
save off disaster, but the scheme proposed fell
through. There were 500 employees, who all ex-
pected to be out of work just before Christmas, but
the heads of departments got together and decided
to re-start the paper on Monday, December 18, as
the London Evening Times. To do this the heads
of departments cut down their salaries to vanishing
point. London newspapers comment favorably on
the pluck and faith of the staff in their paper. Mr.
Watney, the first editor of the Evening Times, was
a visitor to Winnipeg a few years ago with his
wife.

HIS STRONG WILL

At one of the clubs the other day two of the
members were arguing about will power. The con-
cited man, who was in the habit of boring all pres-
ent with his pointless tales, said that his will was
stronger than his friend's.

"You are wrong there," said the quiet man,
"and I will prove it in this way. You go and stand
in that corner, and I will will you to come out of it.
You will against me, and I bet you that I will have
you: from the corner before I have commanded a
second time."

The smart one took the bet, and put himself in
the corner. The quiet man said, in a commanding
voice:

"Come out of that corner."
The other grinned and shook his head. The
quiet man sat down and looked at him steadily. Five
minutes passed, and then the man of the will said,
with a sneer:

"Haden't you better give it up? I don't feel any
influence at all, and I can't stand here all the even-
ing."

"There is no hurry," said the quiet man, "and
I have a very comfortable seat. There is no time
limit except that you are to come out before I ask
you twice, and as I don't intend to ask you again
until this day week, I think you will feel the in-
fluence before then."

The smart one came out.

HER DRESSMAKER.

A lady who is a city missionary became very
much interested in a very poor but apparently re-
spectable Irish family named Curran, living on the
top floor of a great tenement house in the slum dis-
trict.

Every time she visited the Currans the mission-
ary was annoyed by the staring and whispering of
the other women living in the building. One day
she said to Mrs. Curran:

"Your neighbors seem very curious to know
who and what I am and the nature of my business
with you."

"They do so," acquiesced Mrs. Curran.
"Do they ask you about it?"
"Indeed they do, ma'am."
"And do you tell them?"
"Faith, thin, an Oi do not."
"What do you tell them?"
"Oi just tell them you are me dressmaker, an' let
it go at that."

JOHNSTONE-WALKER'S STOCK TAKING SALE NEWS

Two of the many hundreds
of Values offered in this big
Sale.

Cost, Last consideration in
this Sale of:
:: DRESS FABRICS ::

THE day of reckoning in the Dress Goods
Section is drawing nigh, and many lines are
still extremely heavy. Stocks must come
down regardless of what it may cost us to accom-
plish our fixed determination.

EVENING DRESS LENGTHS, REG-
ULAR VALUES TO \$12.50, FOR **\$5.50**

At less and nearly half price these beautiful even-
ing lengths will have a hurried clearance. Included
are: Silk and wool marisettes, plain and fancy
colliennes in a splendid range of popular shades.
Spring weights. Regularly worth up to \$12.50 per
length. Sale Price \$5.50

FRENCH DELAINES, REGULARLY
WORTH 75c YARD, FOR **\$3.95**

Pure Wool French Delaines, with rich satin stripes
effect, measuring full 32 inches in width. One of
the most popular fabrics for gowns, dresses and
waists. Shown in good variety, light, medium and
dark patterns. Regularly worth up to 75c yard.
Sale Price 39c

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Last year was a very prosperous one with us, not
alone because of a much larger increase in business
but also for the closer ties with those whom it has
served and through the willingness of our helpers
to better the service. There is more than money in
business, it is a pleasure in doing things that will aid
to another's good. That was our slogan for 1911
and it is our stand for 1912. The results have been
gratifying in the past, but we assure you of a still
better service in the future which we have obtained
from experience.
We have doubled our force. You get the service.
We have the quality. You get the right price.
We have the goods. You get the satisfaction.

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